

A Bent Love Affair==By Ike Swift

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NINA BERTOLINI.

LEADING BURLESQUER WITH THE RENTZ-SANTLEY COMPANY DURING THE PAST SEASON.



Established 1846.
ISSUED EVERY WEEK.

RICHARD K. FOX,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

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THE SUPPLEMENT WITH THIS ISSUE:
JACK KLEINOW, Great Backstop.

Miscellaneous Sports.

An offer of \$40,000 was made for the three-year-old colt Kinleydale.

Harry Devereux has been re-elected president of the Cleveland (O.) Driving Club. It is his sixth term.

Harry Payne Whitney's crack filly Tanya, has been retired to the stud. She did not train well to form this season.

Seven thousand people witnessed the recent wrestling match between Tom Jenkins and Frank Gotch, at Kansas City, Mo.

After a year's rest, Al Bock, 2:08½, the Texas pacer that broke down in 1904, will be raced again this season, as he is in great condition.

A wealthy Russian horseman has purchased Gene D., 2:12½, by Johnny Wilkes, 2:17½. This mare was campaigned very successfully throughout the New England States last year.

Winfield Stratton, Princess Moquette, The Bishop, Terrace Queen and a few more of the fast record pacers reported as sold to race in the provinces are still owned in this country.

George Bothner recently had his leg broken at Baltimore, Md., while wrestling with Shad Link. His many friends in New York tendered him a benefit which netted a neat sum.

El Capitan, a two-year-old of Perry Belmont's breeding, which was sold for \$70 at a weeding-out sale at Jamaica in the Spring, started at odds of 100 to 1 in the last race at Gravesend, on May 23, and ran a good third, at odds of 10 to 1, one, two, three.

Barney Oldfield broke the American automobile record with a medium-weight car for fifty miles, at Lexington, Ky., on May 23. His time was 1:13:02. The previous time was 1:16:20. The world's automobile record for fifty miles is 48:40 1-5, made in 1904 in Fresno, Cal., with a sixty horse power Peerless car.

The bay trotting horse Ward, sired by The Baron, dam Brown Kate, 2:24½, was sold at the special horse sale at Readville, Mass., on May 23, to Horace Wilson, of Lexington, Ky. John McGuire, of New York city got the chestnut horse Nerzereon, six years old, sire In Fact, 2:26½, dam Sun Maid, by Belmont.

Miss May Sutton, of Pasadena, Cal., sailed May 23 on the Oceanic to defend her holding of the English National Lawn Tennis championship. It was revealed previous to her departure that one of the results of her trip to the English courts would be the offering of an international challenge cup for lawn tennis women similar to that offered in 1900 by B. F. Davis, of St. Louis, for men.

Half-tone Photographs.

Charles 'Peralino, a well-known barber, of 749 East Ninth street, New York, is shown on another page photographed with two friends whose names he neglects to give. The iron dog in the foreground has evidently been playing in hard luck as his hind left leg has been broken off at the first joint.

The members of Duffy's Ten Pin League, of St. Louis, know the game of bowling from one end of the alley to the other. They hold the record for a single game of 1,111 pins, and three games, 3,033 pins. The members are: Wall, Sanders, Clemens, Duffy, Woerman, Stokes, Bush and Jellison. The two latter are perfect score men each having a 300 to his credit.

The football team of the Mohawk Field Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., although averaging 125 pounds to a man, have gone through the lines of some husky players during the past season, including the Fort Hamilton soldiers and the sailors from the battleship Texas. They are the 125-pound champions of the East and are prepared to defend the title against all comers, the Knickerbocker A. C. and Olympic A. C., preferred. Here are their names: William Cass, Treasurer; M. McGoff, Sub. R. G.; H. Nueberg, Q. B.; William Stafford, Manager; P. McEvoy, Sub. L. H. B.; Frank Liddy, Press Agent; William Moore, R. E.; P. Wallace, R. H. B.; Joseph Moore, Captain and F. B.; John Morris, L. H. B.; P. McGoff, L. E.; W. Semke, L. T.; J. Wallace, L. G.; H. Speir, Centre; D. Evans, R. G.; R. Speir, R. T. The cups shown in the picture are a few trophies of the indoor season at Stauch's Coney Island dancing pavilion.

INTERESTING PARAGRAPHS CONCERNING THE DOINGS OF VAUDEVILLE PEOPLE

Here Can be Found Many Crisp Items Which Will Interest Performers as Well as Theatregoers.

PROFESSIONALS ARE REQUESTED TO SEND IN PHOTOS

F. Aldrich Libbey and Katharine Trayer Are Doing Well—Georgia Gardner and Joseph Maddern Are Working Together—Pick-ups.

Trask and Murray will hereafter be known as Stepper and Ahpel.

J. Aldrich Libbey, the singer, famous as having popularized "After the Ball," in conjunction with Miss Katharine Trayer, are meeting with great

Tippell and Kilment are back in vaudeville. They were with W. H. West's Minstrels.

Bert Somers and Fred Law, who have been presenting their German conversational tangle, "Mr. Auto, from Mobile," on the Keith circuit, report meet-



ELLA HATTAN.

The Charming Performer who Plays "Kate Croops," the Porter, in "The Vanderbilt Cup." As Jaguarina, the Fencer, She Defeated Sergeant Owen Davis of the Second United States Cavalry, Champion of the United States Army, and Issues a Challenge to any Man in the World to Meet Her in Combat with the Broadsword on Foot or Mounted.

success with their two acts, "Buffalo Bill and Lady" and "The Writing Lesson," in vaudeville. They are booked solid from June to October.

"Rome Under Caesar," is the title of Hubert Deveau's new act, which he produces with James B. Driscoll as his assistant.

George F. Carroll, Irish comedian, has joined hands with Catherine Doyle. They will do an up-to-date singing and talking comedy act, entitled "Finnigan and the Sporting Duchess."

After an absence of six years Pollie Holmes, The Irish Duchess, will return to vaudeville. Miss Holmes will appear with Loa Durbyelle, of Loa and Fay Durbyelle, under the firm name of Holmes and Durbyelle, in an act especially written for them by Edgar Selden.

RECORDS! RECORDS!
Every actor should have a copy of the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" with 30 illustrations, because it contains facts they ought to know. Six 2-cent Stamps gets it.

ing with big success. On Easter Sunday they played for Ted Marks at the American Theatre, New York, and were one of the real hits of the bill.

George H. Harris is meeting with the best of success, presenting his original act, "The Stuttering Tramp," and is booked up solid until September.

Charles H. King has closed a successful season of eight months with the Dawson Concert Company, and was a big hit with his original songs, parodies and banjo solos.

Chad Huebner, singing and dancing comedian, closed with "Little Johnny Jones" Company, and will join Elzora Hatfield, with "The Isle of Spice" Company, to do a refined singing and dancing act.

Juggling De Lisle has closed his fourth season with the Bennett-Moulton Company, and has signed to play the Flynn circuit of parks for the Summer. He reports doing well with his hat juggling.

The Temple Theatre, Buffalo, N. Y., opened May 7, under the management of James Carson, who will run it as a family theatre during the Summer.

The opening night house was a capacity one. James Carson is manager, and Lou Lee leader of the orchestra.

The Manning Twin Sisters have signed with Melville Raymond for next season, for "Little Jack Horner."

Williamson and Gilbert are going very well in the olio and first part of burlesque with the London Gaiety Girls.

Sullivan and Mack, having closed with the Primrose Minstrels, will do their blackface act, "Left in Canton."

The International Four are meeting with great success with the La Barre Minstrels, and are featured with the show.

Willard Newell, assisted by Grace Turner and Gertrude Clemens, in Mr. Newell's piquant playlet, entitled "Last Night," is winning laurels on the Majestic circuit.

After closing with "The College Widow," Phyllis Carrington joined Henry W. Savage's "Stolen Story" Company, now playing at the Tremont Theatre, Boston.

Sam Abrams, after a successful season with Watson, Hutchings, Edwards and company, will again sell tickets on gate No. 4, Gala Park, North Beach, this Summer.

The Musical Russells have opened on the Novelty circuit. They expect to play seven weeks in Colorado, then go to the Summer parks through the Middle West.

The Washington Theatre Company, of New York, was incorporated lately with \$125,000 capital stock, the directors being Sam A. Scribner, Gus Hill and L. L. Weber.

Miller and Lelda have just closed sixteen successful weeks as a feature act on the Empire circuit, and are now playing return dates over the Crystal circuit of Colorado.

Larke and Adams have signed with Tabot's "Fighting the Flames," for thirty-two weeks, being booked through Marvelous Marsh, of the Western Booking Exchange.

Dainty Primrose and Martin L. Sermon, who met with success over Jones & O'Brien and Danfort circuit, are playing return dates over the circuit, and are booked up until August.

Hill, Edmunds and Baby Florence, after finishing a successful engagement over the Lubelski novelty circuit, joined the Berger Stock Company, as a special vaudeville feature and to play parts.

Ned Bottinere is booked solid up to Nov. 1, with his automatic theatre and Merry Manikins, also he is carrying special set scenery and five drops, besides twelve figures and 600 pounds of baggage.

The Tossing Austins will enlarge their comedy juggling act for next season, taking in their two brothers. The act will be known as the Four Tossing Austins. Some new comedy tricks will be shown.

Messrs. O'Brien, Adams and Wells, of the Yorke Comedy Four, presented Mr. Degroot, their bass singer and manager, with a beautiful diamond ring, to show their appreciation of the good work he has done for them.

Georgia Gardner and Joseph Maddern are again working together. Mr. Maddern, who retired from vaudeville to join Arnold Daly's Company, rejoined Miss Gardner at the Grand Opera House, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Acrobatic Barnards, George and Hazel, have finished thirty-seven weeks as the special vaudeville feature of the Roe Stock Company, and were immediately engaged by the Fenberg Stock Company (Eastern).

Billy Hall, of Cook and Hall, will next season work with his wife (Effie Pray), presenting an original act by Mr. Hall. Cook and Hall report that they have been very successful with the Colonial Stock Company this season.

Roster of Frank and Della Williams' Comedy Boomers.—Frank and Della Williams, the Novelty Four, Six Webber Acrobats, Sisters Colton, Two Macks and Henry Armstrong and company, in the laughable comedy, entitled "Is Marriage a Failure?" The company is playing under canvas, through Northern New York State, and is meeting with success under the management of John B. Starr.

Araco, the newest automaton, which was recently exhibited at Hyde & Behman's, Brooklyn, N. Y., has proved to be a novelty. When brought on he stage an electric wire by which the power of movement is apparently furnished, was attached to the figure, and at a table on the stage a lady manipulates the electric current. The most remarkable feature is the forcing of a couple of eyes into the heretofore "sightless" head. The nailing of a wig on the head of the figure is then done, but the most effective feature occurs when, after some of the springs are supposed to be out of order, the mouth of the automaton is closed with a large pin and a lock. The figure also speaks mama and papa. The inside is lighted by electricity and smoke and water are forced through the body to prove that it is hollow. A mandoline is taken by the figure and a few notes played, after which a cigar placed in its hand is taken to its mouth and smoked for a moment. The figure walks about the stage, makes a profound bow to the audience and waves an American flag, after which it walks off the stage.

YOU WILL KNOW CARDS
If you consult a copy of Fox's Revised Hoyle's Games. Conceded to be the standard of to-day. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra. Police Gazette Office, New York.

CLUB SWINGING is the Best of All Summer Exercises—Written by the Champions—Six 2-cent Stamps

GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM

No. 32.



IKE SWIFT.

THIS is the story of a wooing that went astray.

There are many such stories floating around and they are all good, if they could only be told. But there is the trouble, for like family skeletons they are sunk so deep in the cellar or locked up so securely in the closet that there is no getting to them; even for a minute.

How these two met or when they met is of no material difference, and here is where a romantic touch might be introduced. The truth is that they came face to face with each other on the boardwalk at Atlantic City. He had been up to Old Vienna while she had taken in the show on the Pier. A

dozen or more of those high steins of Pilsner had made him a bit reckless, and that was his only excuse. She was lonely, and that was hers. It's a great combination, like gun cotton and a match. All right apart, but let them meet and the result is pyrotechnical. When they were twenty feet apart there was a sudden flash of lightning of the vivid brand they have on the Jersey shore, followed by a crash of thunder heavy enough to make a cigar store Indian step down and crawl under his pedestal. Then a few drops of rain about the size of a quarter, and a general scurrying for shelter.

The man whistled for a covered rolling chair, and the girl with eyes shut and head down ran directly into his arms.

She recoiled like a rubber ball that has been thrown up against a brick wall, while he felt to see if his watch was still fast to the mooring at his vest.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," and she gathered up her skirts as she prepared for another flight.

"Don't mention it," he answered with admiration, "but I think you could beat Jeffries if you were trained down a bit."

"Sir?"

"Now don't sir me; it's raining and that blanket of yours won't stand water. I've an option on the only chair in sight. It's yours; help yourself, and if you don't mind I'll go as far as my hotel. Are you on the job?"

"I don't think—" she began severely, when the lightning broke out again and interrupted her.

"You don't have to think," he said. "Jump in and keep out of the wet. People don't think at Atlantic City; they get on the job quick," and he motioned the walking delegate with the perambulator to move up.

"All right," she said, resignedly.

"Of course it's all right, for you get home dry while I have a chance to meet a good fellow. Now let's introduce. By name is Ben. There's another part to it, but it don't make any difference here. What's yours?"

"You don't lose any time, do you?"

"Never was known to so far. Come on, what is it?"

"Bess," she answered.

"Bess; great; sounds like a sport. Not hard to say and rhymes with 'bless' and 'yes,' and a lot of other words. Now Bess, you and I are going to have one little drink just to celebrate. You know the old saying—wet out and wet in. The wise gink who's pushing this van is heading me back to where I came from, I see; Old Vienna. I wonder if he gets a commission. Just because I like you, and because your hair matches my tie I'll blow you to anything you like from a second story stein up to a bottle—large or small, according to your capacity. How about it?"

"I suppose you think because you got me in this absurd wicker basket before I could call a policeman and have you arrested for insulting me that any proposition you make from now on will not be objected to. Perhaps, because I made the fatal mistake of being alone on the walk at night, you, too, have made a mistake."

"I never make mistakes, but this time I overlooked the fact that I am hungry. So we'll get the large bottle and something to eat on the side, and between drinks we'll tell each other the story of our past lives, and we'll make a bet on whose is the best."

Half an hour later they were like a couple of chums who had known each other for years, and she was calling him Ben as if she had been raised with him.

That was not quite a year ago, and it is only introduced in order that the story might be told from the very beginning.

A thousand trifling things happen in life which often turn the tide or change the course of events. A man, because his watch is a few minutes late, misses a train which is wrecked and thus saves his life; again he goes down one street instead of another, for no reason that he knows of, and avoids a catastrophe or misses an opportunity; he goes here instead of there and something occurs which changes the course of his path from that point on to the grave. Call it fate if you like, but whatever it is it is inevitable and inexorable, and no human will has been found that is strong enough to resist it. It is like the call of "Hands up!" coming from the desperado with a revolver. There is no alternative. In some cases it is impulse, a seventh sense, or pure

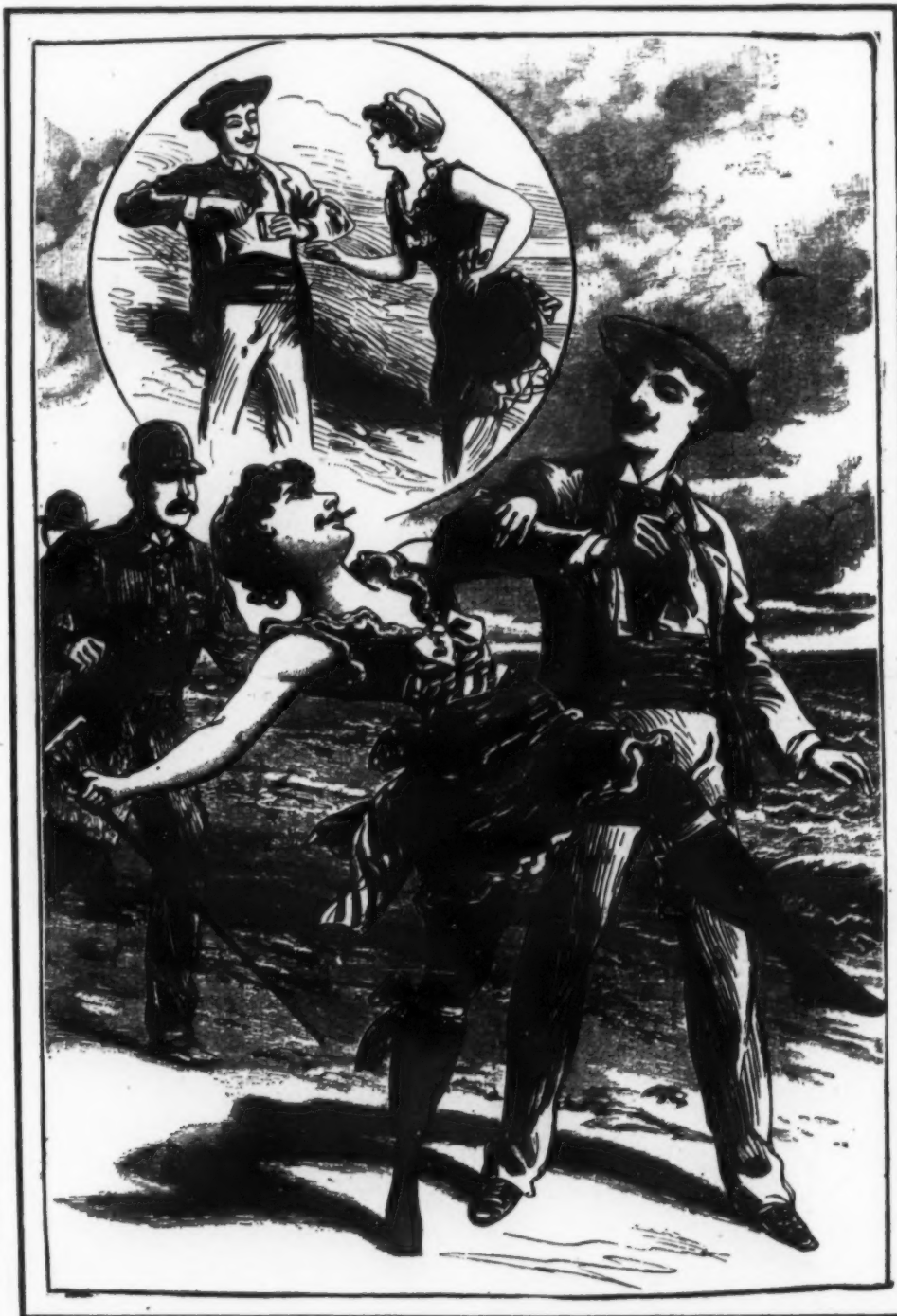
A LOVE AFFAIR THAT WENT WRONG

By IKE SWIFT.

luck—good or bad—according to results, or even intuition. The wise man says that what is to be will be and trails along in contentment. Others fight it out and come forth beaten in the end.

The two of this story came back to New York hopelessly in love with each other, and at that time, so far as I know, it wasn't the commercial love of the twentieth century, ready to switch and change as soon as the sun went under the first cloud. They met two, three and four times a week, first in one place and then in another, and they knocked about town like a

as many apples as you can until you hear the farmer coming and then beat it while you have the wind with you. It doesn't require as much nerve as you think, and any time the game isn't worth it quit. The beaten man in a fight, if he is game, always gets as much applause as the victor and sometimes a great deal more. I have seen the time when it was better to lose than to win, strange as that may seem. I don't believe in figuring on what is to be years from now because I may be dead. There is no to-morrow in life—it is all to-day. If battles have been won, cities destroyed,



ATLANTIC CITY. THE FASHIONABLE SEASIDE SUMMER RESORT, IS THE PLACE FOR SPORTY GIRLS WHO PLAY THE GAME TO THE LIMIT.

pair of happy-go-lucky Bohemians with the rent paid a year in advance.

"Some day," he said to her once, "when I am quite free to do as I like I'm going to marry you, and then all of this running to cover like a pair of rabbits chased by a brown ferret that you can't see will stop."

"How do you know that I would marry you even if you wanted it?" she asked.

"We'll argue that point when the time comes," was the answer.

"Now that we've known each other for so long a time—at least it seems long to me—I've a confession to make to you. I ought to have told you before, but it isn't too late now."

"Save your confession as I'm saving mine," he said.

"I never knew these past life stories to do any good, for both men and women make mistakes, and they ought to do with them as the doctors do with their failures—bury them."

"But we are doing wrong now."

"The boy up the farmer's tree filling his pocket with apples is happy until he is caught. My motto is to get

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## ENDURANCE CLUB SWINGING

Can be learned by an amateur, if he has the illustrated book on the art by Tom Burrows, who holds the world's record. It is minutely illustrated. Price 10 cents; postage 2c. extra.

came first serious and then confidential. They had reached the coffee stage—the proper time to put your elbows on the table and talk, when she said:—

"Ben, I want \$5,000."

At that particular moment he was lighting a cigarette and he didn't look up for a full minute, which is a very long while if you only know the real value of time.

"What for?" he asked, finally.

"I am married, you know. I mean you don't know it, but I'm telling you now, and I want to get a divorce. I have been collecting evidence and I have all I want, but I shall have to get a lawyer, and I shall also have to live until the case is disposed of."

"Why didn't you consult me?"

"Why should I until I was ready?"

"I'm a lawyer."

"Would you take the case?"

"No, but I could advise you."

So he did, and being a very smart lawyer instead of giving her a check for the money she wanted he gave her what in his opinion was \$5,000 worth of advice. You see, the substance of his love of the Fall had fallen away to a shadow, and hard-headed business men don't invest in shadows or even pay money to build a monument over a sentiment that is either dead or dying. Hearts are rarely trump; spades have the call to-day.

"I'm going ahead anyhow," she went on, "and I suppose when I am free that even your memory will suffer from an attack of dry rot, and that you'll forget everything you have ever said to me—or deny it, which amounts to the same thing in the end."

So the next day she told her story to a lawyer, not the story of Ben and the dinners, but the tale of the man to whom she was married, and when she produced certain dates and facts she was told she had the clearest kind of a clear case and that it would go through with bells on, with hubby paying the shot.

The complaint was drawn up and the papers served and here comes the great part of this recital.

Just one week later a clean-cut, well-built young business man, of about 35, walked into Ben's office and asked for a consultation.

"You have been recommended to me," he began, "by a business friend of mine. I have been sued for divorce by my wife. My morals are none too good, but neither are hers. Will you take the case and defend me?"

"Yes," said Ben, "I'll take it," and he called a stenographer. "Dictate your story to her and then see me to-morrow, when I will have the papers drawn up. If your counter charges amount to anything at all we can beat her—that is if you want to beat her. As I understand it you don't want her to get a divorce from you."

"That's it exactly. It isn't that I care a rap, but I don't care to be made a scapegoat, and I think when she knows what kind of an answer I have she'll drop the whole case and take to the woods, which will suit me down to the ground."

At 11 o'clock Ben saw the transcribed notes of the amanuensis and he hadn't read more than ten lines when he jumped from his chair as though it had suddenly become red-hot.

"Miss Bates," he called sharply, "bring me your note book."

In she came and handed it to him.

"You'll say nothing about this?"

"No, sir," but there was the suggestion of a smile around the corners of her mouth.

He thrust it in his pocket and in a minute was out of the door.

There was a little luncheon date on with Bess for 12 o'clock, but he couldn't wait. He was at the appointed place a full hour before the time, and he sat at the table glaring at the door. Exactly on the stroke of the hour she came in smiling.

"Why, Ben, what's the matter? You look as though you had been struck by a blizzard."

"I have. Read that," and he handed two typewritten sheets to her. "You'll have to drop that case of yours, and drop it quick, too. Your husband had the nerve to retain me to defend him; and in his counter charges he names me as your co-respondent, and I'm damned if he hasn't got every move we ever made pat and to the minute. He's been on to everything."

He looked up suddenly and a look of suspicion came over his face.

"What is this; a job? Have you two been working me?"

"You contemptible thing," she whispered, "you have the mind of a street sweeper. How dare you talk to me like that after all our—"

Two tears came into her eyes.

"If I were a man I would fight you and you wouldn't dare to fight back. You'd run. Do you hear that—you'd run away, because you are a coward. I could make you run away now if I wanted, because you are afraid."

Then she turned and walked out of the place without even so much as looking behind her, and the man was left with a lot of typewritten sheets clutched in one hand and a stenographer's note book in the other.

There was never any suit, but if you happen to New York any day during the Winter months I'll show you this couple—Bess who made a little mistake and stepped out to where the daisies grow once or twice—and her husband, who won because he was willing to wait.

It sounds like a romance, I know, but it's all true, every word of it, for the little stenographer told me the most of it.

Ike Swift.

## A SOUBRETTE WHO WANTED

to be a Mrs. once upon a time—old pipes for a Willie boy who ought to have known better. But like all the rest of male humanity I fell for her and now he's sorry, you bet. Ike Swift, who knows them both, will tell you all about it in his story next week. Read it and learn something.

Every WOMAN Should Possess a Copy of Belle Gordon's Physical Culture Book---Seven 2-cent Stamps





SADIE HEUSTED, ALL THERE WITH THE MAGNIFICENT SHAPE.



AGNES BEHLER, SHOWING HER DEVOTION TO THE FLAG.



Photos by Bushnell: San Francisco.

GRACE MANTELL, VERY TRIM AND SAUCY—ALSO CLEVER.



MLLE. GUICHARD, A BEAUTY WITH A FIGURE LIKE VENUS.

JUST FOUR QUEENS.

IN POKER YOU KNOW A HAND LIKE THIS WILL BEAT FOUR JACKS TO A WHISPER.





JOE GRANT.

BALTIMORE WELTER WRESTLER  
MANAGED BY C. J. WEISS.



A JOVIAL TRIO.

BARBER PERAINO, OF NEW YORK, TWO OF HIS  
FRIENDS AND HIS CAST IRON DOG.



SHAD LINK.

CRACK HEAVYWEIGHT WRESTLER  
OF BALTIMORE, MD.



TIGE.

ABLE FIGHTER OWNED BY H. A.  
SALADIN, OF BROOKVILLE, IND.



PINCHER.

UNBEATEN CATCHWEIGHT OWNED BY J. P.  
COLBY, OF NEWBURYPORT, MASS.



JINGO.

BOSTON TERRIER OWNED BY F. R.  
M'KINNEY, TARIFFVILLE, CONN.



CHAMPIONS OF 1905.

FOOTBALL TEAM OF THE MOHAWK FIELD CLUB, BROOKLYN, N. Y., UNDEFEATED 125-POUND CHAMPIONS  
OF THE EAST, WHO HAVE BEATEN SOME HEAVYWEIGHT TEAMS.



# THE QUEEN OF GRAFTERS

WHO WORKED ST. LOUIS

## TELLS A FEW THINGS

She Kept Some Interesting Records in a Volume  
She Called Her Book of Graft.

### HOUSE BUILT FOR THE PURPOSE OF TRIMMING SUCKERS

When She Started to Tell What She Knew She Created Consternation in the Police  
Department, Because Some Officers Were Her Pals.

Never before in any great American city has there probably been so startling a story of the hidden crimes of the underworld and corruption of the police as is contained in Ollie Roberts' "Little Book of Graft," the secrets of which are still being bared to the public.

It is a revelation of thefts of over \$100,000 from hundreds of male victims of a beautiful and talented woman, and of the methods by which the minions of the law were paid to hush up the victims instead of aiding them to recover their losses.

This "Little Book of Graft" recites for page after page the exact amount of money taken from each victim of the fair vampire, how it was divided among her women helpers and among her corrupted police henchmen.

According to Jean Rogers, a companion to Ollie Roberts, and now giving evidence before the Police Board, of St. Louis, Mo., the proceeds of the thefts during the World's Fair year in the house at No. 1914 Pine street, averaged \$1,000 a night. Sometimes it was more than that, and sometimes it fell as low as \$800. One of the devices adopted in the house at No. 1914 Pine street, Jean Rogers said, was a secret door leading into the adjoining house. After a theft the guilty woman would slip through this door and remain in hiding until the victim had quit complaining and had gone away. All of the policemen in the neighborhood, she said the other day, were "in on the deal," and were paid off at the end of the week like factory hands.

During the three months of investigation into the affairs and conduct of the St. Louis Police Department a score of officers, including the chief of police, have been deposed; seven officers are under indictment for actual crime, a sergeant and one patrolman have committed suicide because of threatened exposures. The chief agents in bringing to light these startling facts and the revolution in the St. Louis Police Department have undoubtedly been Governor Joseph W. Folk and his active lieutenant, Andrew Maroney, vice president of the Police Board; but the prime factor in the entire investigation and the one which has enabled the investigators to secure the most convincing proof of graft is the fury of Ollie Roberts herself, who had sworn to be revenged upon certain members of the police force, not only for the manner in which she had been bled by them, but because they had allowed her to be sent to the penitentiary to serve a ten years' sentence when they might have prevented it.

For years Ollie Roberts was known in St. Louis as the "Queen of the Bad Lands." Believing that she was allowed to go to the penitentiary so that her erstwhile protectors might get rid of her, she has finally carried out her threats, as a result of which many officers who were considered in good standing have been disgraced.

Ollie Roberts was born in England and came to this country with her mother when she was 5 years old. Her father was a prosperous merchant in London, but died at an early age. He left an estate, from which Ollie Roberts still received an annual allowance. Ollie came with her mother and sister to St. Louis and a few years later her mother died. She was left in the care of a friend who sent the girl to school, but whose influence ceased to be effective after Ollie was 15 years old.

One night a young man took Ollie to a wine room. It was a wine room that was located dangerously close to the border line of the old Tenderloin. The lights and the revel of the underworld had a strange fascination for the little beauty, and it was not long until she became a member of the colony. She was unable to restrain her curiosity as to the mode of life in this mysterious section, and, having no parents to guide her, she went boldly to one of the denizens of the old regime and gained admission into the ranks of the demi-monde.

After a time a sister induced her to quit the life she was leading. The girl decided to make an honest effort to live a better life. She sought a position in a telephone office and, securing the indorsement of a man who had known her past, but who was confident in her sincerity to do better, succeeded in getting a trial.

She obtained a position as a telephone girl and was dismissed within two weeks, a woman revealing her past to the company officials. She became an expert stenographer, but was dropped for the same reason. In despair she went back to the Tenderloin. She began to associate with trained panel workers. She learned their arts and their tricks. The new mode appealed to her strongly. She studied her trade. She became an adept at it.

It was after she had become a successful thief that Ollie Roberts began to shine in her true light. She became the luring queen of the "Bad Lands." Strangers and those who were not strangers were easy prey for this well-dressed, diamond-bedecked beauty.

In time Ollie Roberts became more than a lurer. The same brain that enabled her to quickly master the system of the telephone and the art of stenography, as quickly enabled her to map out plans for managing subjects in the dark quarter, and she became a ruler in her new and strange world. Yet the police were unable

ever to positively lay a theft at this woman's door, although she was arrested scores of times. It also became whispered about that numerous robberies were committed, reports of which never reached headquarters.

Chief Kiely and Captain Reynolds, the men immediately in charge of the Central district, adopted heroic measures to put down the vice. Men were transferred whenever the breath of suspicion was raised against them. Raids were planned on the house of Roberts, but these raids proved fruitless. Time and again plain



E. S. GUAMANIZ.

The One Man Band Wonder of Atlantic City, N. J., who Challenges anyone in the World to Equal His Act. He also possesses a Fine Voice.

clothes men have surrounded a house in which it had been stated positively that Ollie Roberts was confined, yet when every door and window had been placed under guard and a squad of men would enter, Ollie Roberts would be gone. That the woman was informed in advance of all these contemplated raids there is not a shadow of doubt, yet no one was able to fasten guilt upon anyone.

The robberies in the neighborhood ran up into thousands of dollars and still, in spite of the fact that Ollie Roberts was believed to be guilty, she always managed to escape detection. She was ordered to move time and again and did, but she always came back. At last she was ordered to leave town. She laughed at the police. "This is my home, and here I'll stay. You'll have to kill me to get me out."

On the night of March 25, 1903, John Kelly, a plumber, entered Ollie Roberts' house and started a quarrel that proved his own death and the undoing of the Queen of the "Bad Lands." She objected to his loud talk, and Kelly, it is alleged, snapped his fingers in her face and called her a "cheap sport in fine clothes."

"Get my gun!" screamed Ollie, infuriated. Kelly ran out into the street. Ollie Roberts pursued him. Sergeant George W. Colestock, who was nearby, heard a shot and a cry of pain. Then he saw Ollie Roberts, while 100 feet from her lay Kelly, dead.

THIS PUBLICATION IS  
Invaluable to everyone interested in Athletics—The Official Book of Rules for All Sports. Revised and up-to-date. Mailed on receipt of seven 2-cent stamps.

Ollie Roberts was arrested by Colestock, but a revolver was never discovered. Where the revolver with which Ollie Roberts shot her man went is a mystery until the past few days. Ollie depended upon certain officers to get her a bondsman. She was charged with murder in the second degree and could have secured temporary freedom if someone had gone her security in the sum of \$10,000 bail. No effort, however, was ever made to supply this bail, and Ollie was finally sent to the penitentiary at Jefferson City for 10 years. No word of accusation was ever uttered by her against any officer in the "Bad Lands."

Finally Governor Folk took up his abode at Jefferson City. There began to be talk about police changes and an investigation. The police officers smiled and took on an air of the greatest innocence. But one day there came down from Jefferson City the rumor that Ollie Roberts, tired of prison life, had told Governor Folk a story about a little red book in which were her accounts of various dealings with the police. Then things began to happen.

Early last January the city was startled by the announcement that Sergeant Colestock, the officer who had charge of the Tenderloin and the very one who had arrested Ollie Roberts for shooting Kelly, had committed suicide. He left a note for Chief Kelly, in which he said that Ollie Roberts had said to him for his part in her punishment: "I'll send you to hell for this."

Shortly after Colestock's suicide, a number of officers were summoned before the Police Board. Several who had walked the Tenderloin precincts refused to appear and sent their resignations. A few days later another policeman, John Scollard, shot himself. Then followed indictments by the Grand Jury, and Chief Kelly was suspended. He took legal action to prevent his dismissal, and the investigation dragged. But the Police Board summoned before it Sergeant John Connors and Patrolmen Theodore Vollmer, Edward Cantillon and William J. Haberstroh. The first three are now under indictment. Ollie was ushered in, having been brought down from Jefferson City. The accused officers almost collapsed.

Ollie was attired in a long tan cravenette, with green

a married man and lived in the city. Such larcenies occurred in her house sometimes as often as ten to forty times a day.

The woman described her part in such robberies, telling how the room was arranged, how she made observations through a hole in the door, and how she acted as "creeper," explaining that the "creeper" did not really creep, but walked to the victim's clothes. She described how the policeman stalled a "sucker" when a kick was made by the victim, the system being for the officer to accompany the complainant to a "straight house," which, she explained, was one where no larcenies occurred.

In explaining what became of the pistol with which she shot Kelly she said: "On the night of the shooting of Edward Kelly, Haberstroh was the first man who got to me. I had fired shots from a pistol, as was brought out at the trial. Haberstroh wrenched it out of my hand."

She would not attempt to estimate the total amount of larcenies which occurred in her house, but said it was more than \$100,000. The largest touch was \$2,045. There was no division with the police on this. The victim, she understood, had afterward killed himself. Another good touch, on which there was no division, amounted to \$1,700.

The woman closed her testimony by declaring that she had never yet seen the pardon which she is to receive for telling her story, although it is thoroughly understood that by satisfying her vengeance against the men who allowed her to be sent to prison she will be set at liberty. No one who knows her dares to predict her future.

#### JACK KLEINOW.

[WITH SUPPLEMENT.]

In view of the fact that Jack Kleinow has been with the New York baseball team, American League, but two years, he has made a most enviable reputation for himself, and has secured a most substantial following. Before that time he was practically an unknown player, but he had in him the making of a good man. So Clark Griffith, who knows by instinct a ball player in embryo, picked Kleinow out of a number of applicants and signed him for the team.

In his position behind the bat he has more than justified expectations, for he has made good on every possible occasion, and has developed into a player of the star class. He is cool, steady and accurate, and never loses his head when a critical play is to be made. He can put the ball to second base with ease, and he rarely throws wild.

A great deal of work is done by a man behind the bat, more so, perhaps, than the average spectator has any idea of, and the player who holds a position of that kind on a team doesn't get all the credit for the good work he does, but he frequently saves the game by doing the right thing at the right time.

#### Baseball Notes.

The Giants got their bumps on the Western trip—but not so bad.

Larry Lajole is fielding in fine style, but acts a bit off at the plate.

Six out of the eight clubs of the Eastern League have new men playing first base this season.

Washington has a poker battery, Kitson and Kittredge. The two kitties have worked well together.

If the Brooklyn team keeps disposing of players, Ebbets or Medcuss may have to fill in a vacancy some day.

The Southern League teams have their work cut out for them in trying to head off the Birmingham Club.

Chick Stahl is covering about two-thirds of the outfield for Boston just now. What are the other men paid for?

John Bresnahan, of South Boston, has caught on splendidly with big Dan Brothers' team at Newburg, N. Y.

Fred Klobendanz, formerly a major league pitcher, is playing this year with New Bedford in the New England League.

Godwin showed recently that he is a better infielder than he is an outfielder. He's not hitting well, but he may improve.

Johnny Lush of the Philadelphia Nationals, pitched the first no hit, no run game of the season, and Brooklyn was the victim.

The New York and Chicago clubs of the National League each has a record of ten consecutive victories to its credit this season.

Outfielder Jack McCarthy has been transferred by the Brooklyn National League Club to the Providence Club of the Eastern League.

Hassett, who umpired the Harvard-Princeton game, is about the best indicator holder that has been seen in the college games this Spring.

When traded to Boston for Frazer, Pitcher Gus Dorner declared that he didn't feel like leaving Cincinnati "for any country town." Dorner stoutly refused to join the Hub Nationals.

Ned Haulen is sure he could make an everyday star out of Pat Dougherty, but there are a few ahead of the Cincinnati manager in quest of Dougherty, including Mr. Griffith.

Billy Brady's Manhattan Beach baseball team opened their grounds on Decoration Day before a large assemblage of fans. The club possesses one of the strongest semi-professional teams in the country and has a crack battery in Lindemann and Farmer, late of the Ridgewoods.

#### A GOOD BARTENDER

Ought to have the NEW Hoffman House Bartender's Guide, because it will keep him posted on up-to-date drinks. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra.

Card Players---"HOYLE" is the Only Book Worthy Your Consideration---Sent for Fifteen 2-cent Stamps



# THE BOXING GAME

—BIG AND LITTLE PUGILISTS ARE ALL AT IT—

## IS STILL FLOURISHING

**Kelly and O'Toole in a Lively Mill—George Dixon Shows up Well Against Billy Ryan.**

**GOTCH IS AMERICAN CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN CHAMPION**

**Nelson-Herrera Bout Only a Wrangle—Joe Grim Was Really Knocked Out—Many Other Interesting Mills.**

### KEYES AND ERNE DRAW.

Hock Keyes, of Australia, and Young Erne, the clever Philadelphia lightweight, boxed six rounds at the Washington Sporting Club, Philadelphia, on May 21, without doing any damage, barring a bloody nose for Erne. He got this in the fourth round, and after that a little stream of red served as a mark for Hock to shoot at, but the Australian missed oftener than he landed, and at the end a majority of the spectators seemed to think that the Philadelphian had fully held his own or better in the contest. There was nothing decisive about it, however, and the friends of the Australian could easily claim that Hock showed himself to be the better fighter of the two, and that he would have been very likely to have been the winner had the fight gone to a finish.

In the earlier bouts Jim Bonner bested John Dougherty in six rounds; Bob O'Neill knocked out Young Otto in the fifth round; John O'Keefe knocked out Joe Header in the second round, and Young Hanlon bested Kid Bernleoni in six rounds.

### GOOD OLD GEORGE AGAIN.

George Dixon, the veteran featherweight, again came before the limelight on May 21, at Gloucester, Mass., when he met Billy Ryan in a twelve-round bout.

The agreement was that the bout was to be called a draw if both men were on their feet at the finish.

If the contest had been decided on points, Dixon would have been a winner, for he did almost all the leading. Dixon took good care of himself in the clinches. His leads were mostly for the jaw, with occasional raps in the stomach. Ryan proved to be a careful, scientific boxer.

### JOE GRIM KNOCKED OUT.

Sailor Burke, the Brooklyn welterweight pugilist, accomplished what no other fighter could, including Fitzsimmons, when he laid out Joe Grim at the Remsen A. C., of Brooklyn, on May 21. The trick was accomplished with a right hander to the jaw in the third round. Burke dropped Grim three times during the first two rounds, the Italian always managing to get up before the end of the round.

### O'TOOLE HAD A SHADE.

The Tuxedo Club, at Essington, Pa., a suburb of Philadelphia, was the scene of one of the best battles ever witnessed in the East between little fellows, when Eddie Kelly, a youngster from Buffalo, N. Y., who has been coming rapidly to the front, and Tommy O'Toole, met on May 23 in a twenty-round argument. The boys weighed in at 120 pounds ringside, and fully two thousand witnessed the battle.

O'Toole went down for a count of eight in the first round from a hard smash on the jaw and for a time it looked as though he was to be beaten in short order, but he pulled himself together and from the eighth round to the twentieth he had much the better of the fighting. In the last round O'Toole dropped Kelly with a good smash on the jaw, but the Buffalo man was up in a few seconds. It was a fast fight, but no great damage was done either man.

No decision is allowed by the authorities, but it was conceded that O'Toole had a shade the best of the argument.

In the curtain-raiser Young Jack Hanlon made Young Logan quit in five rounds, while Joe Smith and Johnny Krupp boxed a draw.

### THOUGHT DRAW UNFAIR.

Kid Fraser of Portland and Frank Adams of Newton, Mass., fought a ten-round draw in the Fairfield Opera House, at Fairfield, Me., recently, before a crowd of 800. The decision was greeted with a few hisses, as Adams had the best of it, in the opinion of many.

The hottest fighting came in the seventh round, which was slightly favorable to Adams. Fraser seemed able to take more punishment than Adams, and while the latter led in the rushes, they frequently resulted in Fraser's advantage.

### NELSON-HERRERA FIASCO.

A petty row over the question of weight caused the battle for the lightweight championship between Battling Nelson and Aurelio Herrera, at Los Angeles, Cal., on May 25, to end in a complete fiasco.

Herrera said he would fight without weighing in or not at all. Nelson finally gave in and said he would fight the Mexican if the latter weighed less than 140 pounds. Even then Herrera refused to step on the scales. For two hours the managers tried to settle the matter. Herrera gave in at the end and agreed to fight, but Nelson and Nolan declined to go on with the match. They both asserted that the whole thing was a plot and that they had known of it for several days.

### MURPHY DROPPED TUCKER.

Tommy Murphy scored a decided victory over Chick Tucker in their battle at the South Brooklyn A. C., Sheepshead Bay, N. Y., on May 21. In the fourth round he landed a series of right and left hand swings to the head, jaw and stomach, one of the latter landing slightly lower than was intended. Tucker immediately sunk to the floor in distress. Had it not been for this Tucker would probably have lasted the round out, as less than a minute remained, but he would have undoubtedly succumbed in the fifth round, he was in such bad shape. Murphy waded in from the beginning of every round. Tucker cut a gash over Murphy's eye in the second round, but the Brooklynite evened up matters before the end of the three minutes. Tucker was nearly out at the close of the third round, and saved himself by stalling.

### GOTCH A CHAMPION AGAIN.

Frank Gotch is now the American champion at catch-as-catch-can style of wrestling, having decisively defeated Tom Jenkins in the presence of 8,000 excited spectators in Convention Hall, at Kansas City, Mo., on May 23, winning two falls out of three.

Bitter feeling has existed between the big fellows since their encounter at Madison Square Garden, New York,

and crotch hold only to catch his right foot in mid air and twist it in a perfect circle. It was one of the most cruel holds known in wrestling, and a look of agony came over Jenkins' face as the bones began to grind and the muscles almost tore loose. Jenkins' leg was all but broken and he gave up after 14 minutes and 30 seconds.

The third fall was easy for Gotch. The leg which he had given such a twisting was badly swollen and Jenkins could hardly bear his weight upon it. After 17 minutes and 15 seconds a half Nelson and crotch hold put the famous grappler on his back for a second time. Throughout the last bout Gotch paid particular attention to his opponent's injured leg and the torture that Jenkins was forced to undergo showed plainly on his face.

After defeating Jenkins, Gotch issued a challenge to George Hackenschmidt, who holds the title of world's champion at catch-as-catch-can.

### BOXING IN ROCHESTER.

One of the prettiest battles ever witnessed in the Empire State was that between Johnny Dukelow and Mike Donovan, at Rochester, N. Y., on May 16.

Dukelow is a young fellow, hard as nails, and with a good physical make-up. He weighed more than Donovan and kept boring in from the tap of the bell in the first round until the finish in the tenth, and what a finish. It simply rained gloves the last three minutes, and even the conservative Rochesterians, who, by the way, kept the best of order seen in years in a boxing club, were on their feet cheering and encouraging both men on.

There is considerable bitter rivalry between both boys and they fought as if their lives depended upon the outcome. At the finish Donovan had a shade the better of the go on points, but not enough to entitle him to a decision. A twenty-round go between those same two would be worth going miles to see. The hall was packed and with an appreciative sport loving crowd.

Read Ike Swift's stories, GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM, published in this paper every week. They are the "sauce."

### GOODWIN'S DECISION.

There were exciting times at Pythian Rink, Chelsea, Mass., on May 24, when Chester Goodwin and Rouse O'Brien clashed in one of the fastest fifteen-round battles ever witnessed in New England. Goodwin got the decision at the end of the fifteenth round. After the verdict was announced the Chelsea boy's friends swarmed into the ring and raised Goodwin on their shoulders.

Beginning with the third round they went along at a clip as fast as if six rounds was to be the limit. There was not even time for feinting. As soon as they came

## CHALLENGES

[The challenge editor will be pleased to publish all legitimate challenges in all sports, such as boxing, wrestling, skating, bowling, swimming, bicycling, walking, running, jumping, etc., etc.]

Sailor Bryan, 62 Tillary Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., will meet any boxer in his class. He would also like a manager.

In a letter from Leo Herliow, the Newark, N. J., wrestler states that he is anxious to settle the



### QUEEN REGENT.

The Handsome 32-pound Bull owned by Charles C. Teskey of Liberty, N. Y., which is one of the Finest Dogs in that part of the State.

question of supremacy with Alex Swanson whom he recently wrestled to a draw at Union Hill, N. J. Berlow says he will wager \$100 on the result of the match.

Cornelius Gibbs, of Trinidad, Colo., desires to challenge through the POLICE GAZETTE any 133-pound boxer.

Alex Dunsheath, of 133 Monroe street, Passaic, N. J., will match the Grappy Midgets against any 50 and 60 pound boxers in the country.

E. S. Guamanais, 1713 Diston Avenue, Atlantic City, N. J., challenges any man in the East to compete with him in the playing of musical instruments.

I would like a match with any 125-pounder for S. G. Noles, lightweight wrestler, for a side bet of from \$100 to \$500.—W. F. Evans, 128 Kenon avenue, Knoxville, Tenn.

Earl Kaiser, a lightweight wrestler who has a host of admirers in the upper part of New York State, would like to clash with anyone in his class, and can be addressed Hotel Lenox, 63 State Street, Auburn, N. Y.

Wrestling Champion Frank Gotch has issued a challenge to meet George Hackenschmidt, the Russian Lion, who intends visiting this country shortly. Gotch has improved wonderfully during the past year and his work was a revelation.

Paddy Walsh, the manager of Amby McGarry, was a caller at the POLICE GAZETTE office last week, and stated he was anxious to match McGarry with Hock Keyes, the clever Australian. McGarry and Keyes fought a rattling twenty-round battle, but the question of supremacy was not settled.

Jack Briggs, the well-known Brooklyn N. Y., sporting man, who is looking after the managerial interests of Kid Bates and Lew Dockstader, is anxious to match the former with any boxer from 125 to 130 pounds, and Dockstader would like to clash with any of them from 120 to 135 pounds. Both boys have good records. Briggs is ready to do business at any time.

### SPONGE SAVED O'KEEFE.

Jack O'Keefe, the Chicago boxer, considered one of the best in the lightweight class in the West, met his Waterloo at the hands of Jimmy Gardiner, the New England boy, in the fifth round, at Indianapolis, Ind., on May 23. O'Keefe's seconds throwing up the sponge. From the very first Gardiner's superiority was evident. O'Keefe was in poor shape. Gardiner continually placed jabs in O'Keefe's face and had the Chicago boy bleeding profusely from a blow on the nose. In the fifth round O'Keefe's seconds, seeing that their man was clearly outclassed, threw a towel into the ring in acknowledgment of defeat. O'Keefe was groggy at this juncture and there is little doubt but that Gardiner would have finished him.

### A GOOD CARD PLAYER

Will own a copy of Fox's Revised Hoyle's Games, the only book of the kind worth considering. Price 25 cents; postage 5c. extra.



KITTY WOLFE AND HARRY CLAY BLANEY.

They Are Not Really Seasick Sailors. They Do This in the Show Business, and it Makes You Forget About the Blues. It's a Star Act All Right.

some time ago, when Jenkins won after a gruelling contest.

Jenkins knew that to win he must do so quickly, and went at his adversary without any of the customary feeling out for a hold, and after pretty work he did the trick with a half Nelson and bar lock in 26 minutes and 36 seconds.

In the second bout Gotch was the aggressor from the call of time. He began early to twist Jenkins' right foot and ankle and this eventually proved the champion's undoing. Gotch let Jenkins out of a half Nelson

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THE GREATEST ON THE GLOBE.

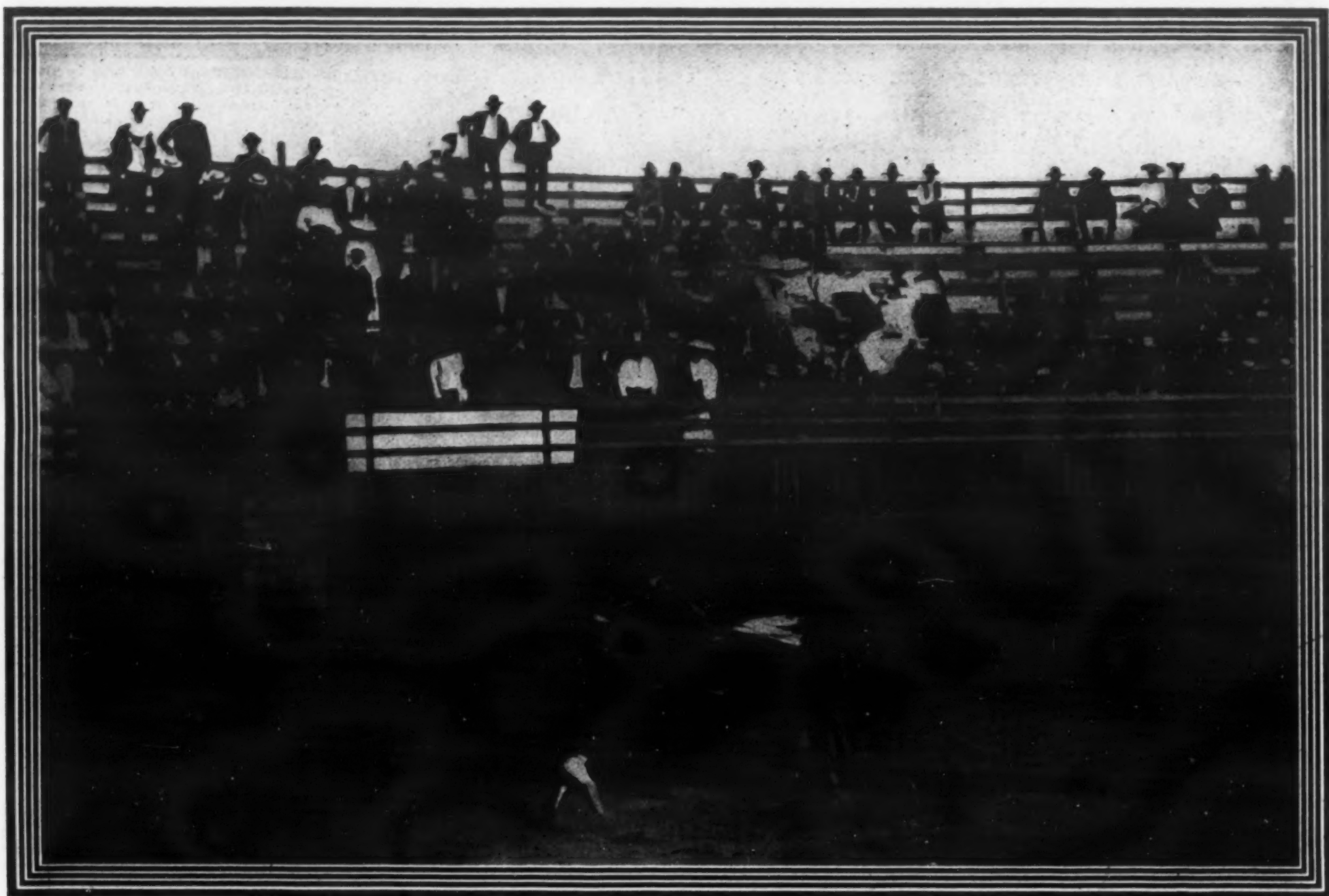
The Police Gazette Sporting Annual. It's the best ever, and there's 30 full-page photos of Sports. Its equal is not published.

out of a close-quarter mix-up they tore right in again. Both boys were in superb condition, otherwise they could not have stood the pace for half the distance.

The thirteenth was a desperate round. O'Brien early caught Goodwin with a hard right to the jaw and Chester was visibly weakened. The tide now turned in O'Brien's favor, and it looked as if he might stop Goodwin. His friends were frantic, but Goodwin kept cool and his generalship saved him. O'Brien continued to have all the best of it in the last three rounds. In the fourteenth round he put Goodwin down with a right to the jaw, but Chester bounced to his feet and fought back.

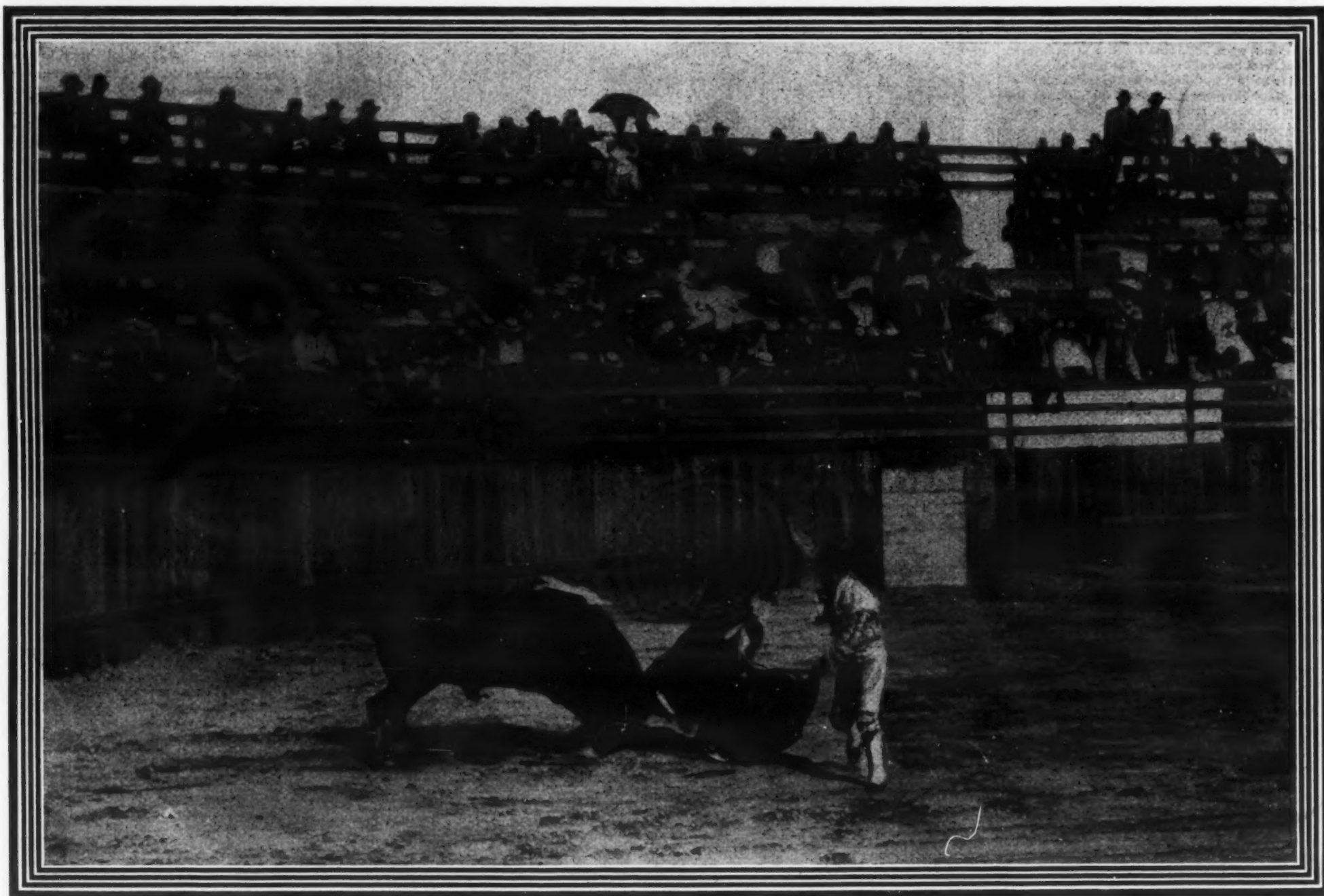
O'Brien made a whirlwind finish, but it was not enough to offset the lead Goodwin had piled up in the first twelve rounds. The crowd was kept on edge throughout the bout.

SPORTING STATISTICS OF ALL KINDS Will Be Found in THE POLICE GAZETTE ANNUAL



THE BAITING OF THE BULL.

A DARING AND INTREPID EXPERT STRIKING THE BANDERILLOS INTO THE ENRAGED BEAST
IN THE BULL RING AT TIA JUANA, MEXICO.



Photos by Waldon Fawcett: Washington, D. C.

TEASING HIM WITH A RED ROBE.

IN THIS WAY THE BULL IS WORKED INTO A RAGE, AND HE IS REALLY TIRED OUT WHEN
THE MATADOR ARRIVES TO MAKE HIS KILL.



HILDEBRAND AND O'NEILL.

TWO PREMIER JOCKEYS OF THE DAY AS THEY LOOK AT THE RACETRACK WHEN THEY ARE SPORTING THE SILK FOR THEIR RESPECTIVE STABLES.



Copyright by W A Rouch: London.

JUST A FEW SPORTS HERE.

THE CROWD ON THE HILL AT EPSOM ON DERBY DAY, WHEN THE GREATEST RACE IN ALL ENGLAND IS RUN AND THE BETTING IS AT HIGH TIDE.

NELSON AND BRITT MAY

—TWENTIETH CENTURY CLUB OF NEW YORK WILL GIVE \$20,000—

FIGHT AGAIN FOR A PURSE

Prize Ring "Dopers" Find it Difficult to Place Blame For Recent Nelson-Herrera Fiasco in Los Angeles.

AMBY M'GARRY DODGES BEHIND THE COLOR LINE.

Colored Champions Have the White Lightweights Faded. Of Course They Are Not Afraid—Small Talk in the Fistic World.

All the explanations which have so far been advanced have failed to give a semblance of the reason why Aurelio Herrera and Battling Nelson failed to meet in their recently scheduled battle in Los Angeles, and the fistic "dopers" are in a quandary to determine whether the Battler got cold feet or whether the yellow got up into the Mexican's neck sufficiently to choke his courage. Certain it is they didn't fight, and so far as I have been able to learn both were in a measure to blame. The fight was to have been at 133 pounds, scaled at six o'clock.

The fighters met according to agreement and Nelson weighed in, tipping the beam at 131 pounds. Herrera was ready to weigh in, too, but Nelson and his manager suddenly came to the conclusion that the scales had been tampered with. There was a squabble and Nelson proposed to go to a bath and weigh again.

In the mix-up Herrera disappeared.

When the time came to fight both men entered the ring. Nelson refused to fight until Herrera had been weighed. A pair of scales was brought into the ring. Herrera's manager refused to let him weigh.

Nelson said he wouldn't fight until Herrera got on the scales, but that he would let the Mexican weigh as much as 140 pounds.

"Well," said Jacobs, who was looking out for Herrera, "I can be just as obstinate as Mr. Nolan. Herrera has eaten a big dinner, and he won't weigh."

After a long wrangle Nelson left the ring and word was sent in that he had taken a cab for his Hotel. Herrera walked back to his dressing room.

After ten minutes Nelson returned and went to Herrera's quarters. There was another dispute about the weighing in.

"All right, I'll weigh," said Herrera.

"No, you won't," answered Manager Nolan, who had stayed out of the negotiations up to this time. "You have kept Bat waiting for two hours, and now you won't get a chance."

Then Nolan led Nelson away and sent him to bed.

There were five thousand persons in the house. The advance sale was more than \$21,000, and a considerable sum was taken in at the gates.

The crowd filed out quietly, after being assured that money would be returned upon presentation of the seat coupons.

No one can make out Nolan's reason for refusing to let his fighter go on. Nelson would have had a bonus of \$4,000 win or lose. Beside that the winner was to have had \$9,600 and the loser \$6,400.

Nelson will, in all probability, hasten back to New York, where he is assured of a big purse to fight Jimmy Britt. The Twentieth Century Club has offered the equivalent of a \$20,000 purse for a fight in Madison Square Garden and he can have a side bet of \$10,000.

Nelson, when seen at his training camp at the Baldwin ranch, said, regarding Britt's attitude:

"Britt has for the past eight months been seeking a return match with me, saying he would meet me under any conditions and for as large a side bet as I would name. I have not for one minute believed that he wanted another fight with me. I have now called him, and it is up to the public to judge who is the four-flusher."

"Bear in mind that I made the condition that it makes no difference who is successful in our coming battles, so there is no way to back down unless he crawls, and shows the white feather."

"At the time of our last battle Britt made the bluff of a side bet, and three days after the articles were signed would not go on with the battle unless the side bet was called off and the purse split. That much can be substantiated by Eddie Graney, who refereed the battle."

"Now let Jimmy post his money and I will meet him in thirty days."

When Britt, whom I saw at Coney Island, where he was training for his bout with Terry McGovern, was told that Nelson had put up \$10,000 to go as a side bet in another fight, had a quizzical look on his face.

"Nelson's talk makes me laugh," said James. "Nelson and Nolan are the biggest four-flushers in the country. That \$10,000 side bet, winner take all, is a joke. My brother, Willie, signed me to fight Nelson on that basis in our last fight. Nelson, who was glad to get the match, agreed, but when it came time to put his money with Harry Corbett, Nolan welched. My brother made him put up \$2,500 as a guarantee that he would put up the remaining \$7,500 three days before the match."

"The betting went to 10 to 7 in my favor and then Nolan quit. He came whining around that he was in bad, and unless we let the side bet go and fight 60 and 40, he would not let Nelson go into the ring."

"I guess he wants to try some more of his four-flush-ing tricks."

"If Nelson wants to fight me I'm ready. I never chased a fighter for a match in my life. I am just as good a card with the American people as Mr. Nelson, and he will have to put me out or quit the game. I beat him once and he beat me once. It will have to be the best two out of three."

Amby McGarry, a New York lightweight who has attained some prominence as a participant in three and six-round bouts, made himself extremely ridiculous the other day by retreating behind the color line when an opportunity was offered him to meet Jack Blackburn. This same Blackburn is a good

fighter, and a lightweight championship possibility, but it is evident that Amby didn't give any consideration to these facts, but just didn't like to fight Blackburn because he was black. Speaking about Blackburn, by the way, the decision of championship of the lightweight class seems to be narrowing down to a match between Gans and Blackburn. All the white boxers who can make the lightweight limit appear to be afraid to tackle either one of the colored cracks, not because they are colored, but, according to several of them, because they are tough. Gans still claims to be able to make the lightweight limit, but he refuses to make a match with Blackburn at 133 pounds. A Philadelphia promoter offered Gans a match for six rounds, and the Tuxedo Club offered him a match for twenty rounds,

seemed to be very timid, had forced the managers of boxing clubs to use the same men so frequently that there was danger of tiring out the patrons of the sport, for many of the club programs were almost a constant repetition of the same boxers for weeks. Robson came here pretty well advertised, or to use a phrase of the sport, he was "boosted" by a good press agent, and claimed to be the best man of his weight in England. Robson took plenty of time to get rid of his sea legs, and was in good shape when he made his first appearance in the ring. He has boxed two men in six-round bouts in Philadelphia, and, although both went the full limit, Robson was handicapped by an injured hand in each, and it was a lucky thing for his opponents that he did, for he was going like a race horse in each encounter, and would almost certainly have won out decisively but for the bad hand.

Robson has proven himself an exceptionally fast man on his feet. He is clever and game to the core. He seems to take to a punching like a duck takes to the water. The little Englishman has made a host of friends, and is a good drawing card whenever he is billed. There is a desire to see him in a longer encounter against a hard hitter like Tommy Murphy or Matty Baldwin. In such an encounter Robson would be at his best, for they say that he can keep up his speed for almost any distance, and he gets better the longer the distance he is asked to go.

George Siler, the famous referee, in his reminiscences which I always read with much interest, recently had this to say:

"During the latter part of the year Dan Stuart matched Jim Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons to battle for the heavyweight championship at Dallas, Texas, and when the Governor put his foot down on it, Dan tried to bring them together at Hot Springs, Ark., and again received a setback by the Governor of the State."

"While matters appeared rosy to pull off the battle at the Springs the question of referee was broached, and after all names of the possible ring officials had been gone over I was the one most favored for the position, which would have been my debut as a referee in the heavyweight championship field."

With all due regard for Mr. Siler's ability as a referee I would respectfully say that if he cares to take a look at the articles of agreement signed by Corbett and Fitz-

simmons for the fight in Hot Springs, he will see my name as the one chosen for the role of referee.

Jeffries just can't keep out of the sporting game. His irrevocable intention not to fight again is followed by the rumor that he may become the next manager and owner of the Los Angeles Baseball Club. Although Jeffries will not state positively that he will take the management of the team in the event that Manager Morley drops out of baseball, he says enough to lead the public to believe that he is willing and anxious to break into baseball as the "angels" manager.

Jeff said, when questioned about the rumor: "I won't say that I will or I won't say that I won't. The Pacific Coast League may ask an exorbitant price for the franchise, so I shall wait until after the meeting of the league, and then I will know just how things stand."

It can hardly be said that the resumption of boxing in New York City has brought about any improvement in the quality of the game since the old days of the Horton law. George McFadden and Guy Ashley met in a six-round rough-and-tumble bout at the Mobile Athletic Club, the other night. The men did everything but fight clean. At the end of the struggle Ashley appeared to have piled up more points than his rival. McFadden, a notoriously rough fighter, was engaged at the last moment to take the place of Charley Hite, of Albany, who was indisposed. He started trouble early by using his elbows and at one

stage of the contest nearly choked Ashley. The latter, seeing that he could not gain anything by fair tactics, also indulged in foul work, and before long all ethics of fair fighting rules were thrown to the winds. Referee Peter Barnes became so disgusted with McFadden's work that he stopped the bout in the fourth round. The crowd, excited to an intense pitch, yelled for the men to continue. The noise became so great that Barnes rescinded his ruling and allowed the bout to proceed. After that the contest was somewhat cleaner.

After being slammed about by all the noted hard punchers, including Bob Fitzsimmons, Jack O'Brien, Joe Gans, etc., Joe Grim, the human punching bag, finally got "his" the other night at the hands of a man who hardly knows any more about the fighting game than a cow does about a fountain pen. Sailor Burke, a protégé of Tom Sharkey, was the man who accomplished the trick.

Grim, the "man with the iron jaw" and other titles supposed to indicate to the other "club members" his ability to withstand great battering, was felled for the count in the third round of the slugfest. Grim has stood up under the bombardment of some of the leading lights of the arena, only to fall at last before the onslaught of a rough and tumble puncher without class.

What Fitzsimmons, Gans, Blackburn and a score of other glove wielders failed to accomplish in six rounds "Heave Ho" Burke did in half the distance.

The Quakertown sunset had his light snuffed out after a cyclone session of eight minutes with two periods of recreation. As receiver-general for all the blows in Burke's repertory he was a howling success, but he resembled his forbears in that he would not fight back. Grim turned one cheek as fast as Tom Sharkey's protégé could along the other, and as a result his pillowcase became fogged at the finish—so much so that he retired to the boards to get his bearings.

SAM C. AUSTIN.

FIGHTING RINGS IN ASH HEAPS

Some Battles Which Made 'Frisco Boxing Arenas Famous.

An ash heap surrounded by blocks of charred embers and wreckage is all that remains to-day of Mechanics Pavilion, San Francisco's most famous fighting arena, and a place as widely known in connection with this peculiar form of amusement as Madison Square Garden in New York, or the National Sporting Club in England's great metropolis. Hardly a fighter, big or little, has not performed on the spot once occupied by this immense building. Jeffries, Corbett, Sharkey, Fitzsimmons, Choynski, McCoy, Ruhlin, Goddard, Johnson, Munroe, Gardner and Root are the names of a majority of the heavyweights who fought on Larkin street. The names of the little fellows who fought there are many, suffice to say that nearly all of them now before the public have one time or the other fought at Mechanics.

If no other fight but the Sharkey-Fitzsimmons had been held there Mechanics would live in memory. This was one of the gigantic fakes of the ring. Wyatt Earp, Danny Lynch and others robbed Bob Fitzsimmons of a hard-earned victory and its fruits. For a consideration Referee Earp awarded Sharkey a decision on a foul after Fitzsimmons had scored a clean knockout. Perhaps the largest crowd in the history of the local prize ring witnessed this bare-faced steal, which incensed all lovers of honest sport. But this was not the only crooked fight waged under Mechanics' roof. Joe Walcott laid down to Kid Lavigne after the former's manager had heavily backed the Saginaw lad. Lavigne had beaten Walcott in the East after a tough battle, and they were brought to the Coast to take another whirl at one another. When Walcott's manager found that his man could not make the weight handily he put his money on Lavigne, but led the public to believe that Walcott was in condition and would win.

It was at Mechanics that Terry McGovern sought to recover his lost laurels from Young Corbett. McGovern made a gallant effort to win back the championship, but his struggle was futile. Though a natural fighter in every way, Terry met one better at his own style of milling. Jim Corbett closed his career at Mechanics, fighting his last fight with Jim Jeffries. It has always been an open question whether more people attended this event than the one between Fitzsimmons and Sharkey. They were two of the biggest money-makers ever held on the Coast.

Woodward's Gardens, now in silent ruins, will also recall a dozen bloody battles fought under its roof. It was here that Jim Jeffries, Peter Jackson, Alec Greg-gains, Young Corbett, Battling Nelson, Jimmy Britt, Joe Walcott, George Gardner, Jack O'Brien, Jack Johnson, Jabez White, George Green, Jimmy Ryan, Al Neil and other celebrities displayed their skill. Perhaps the most noted contest was between Britt and Corbett, which decided a championship. This battle held the interest of the sporting world at large, and will always be rated as one of the great events of the ring. It occurred so recently that the details are fresh in the minds of all ring followers.

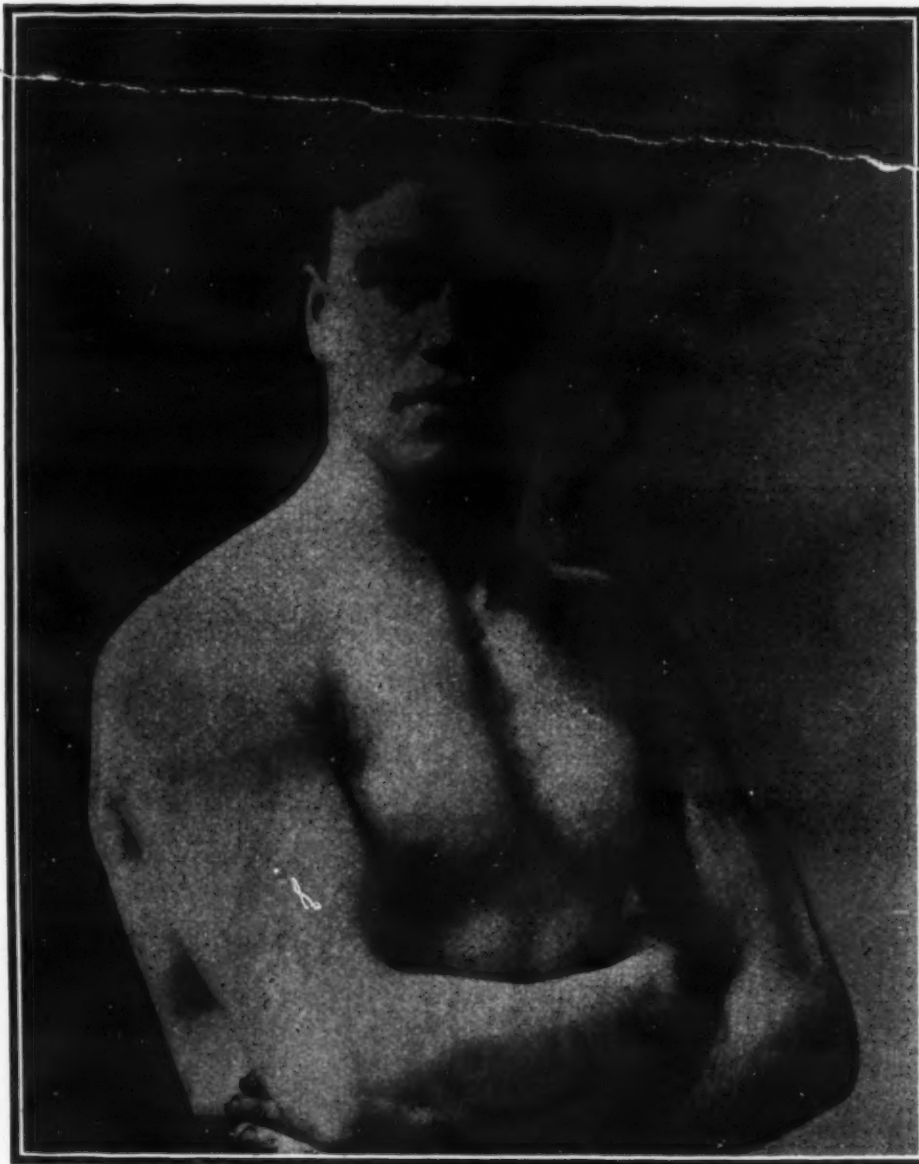
The Jackson-Jeffries fight marked the close of the career of a wonderful pugilist and beginning of another. Poor Peter never appeared in the ring after that night, while the young gladiator, to whom he acknowledged defeat, went on and won battle after battle, eventually gaining the goal of his ambition—the heavyweight championship, which was never taken from him. Jackson made such a sorry spectacle that night with Jeffries that it broke his heart and he went back to his home in Australia, where he died a few years later from the dreaded disease, consumption. If Woodward's Garden is remembered for nothing else it will be for the meeting, tame as it was, between these two giants—the setting of the glory of the one and the rising of the other. The world will stand a long time before it will produce another Jackson and another Jeffries.

It was in Woodward's Gardens that Jimmy Francy lost his life. A blow from Frank McConnell's glove crushed his skull and Francy never survived the shock.

While Woodward's is a historic battleground which will not soon be forgotten even after the new San Francisco is a thing of reality, the memories which cling about the ash heaps of Mechanics' Pavilion will always eclipse it.

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but the Baltimore negro would not sign articles. In response to a telegram offering him a six-round match with Blackburn, Gans asked what the weight was to be, and when the answer was sent back 133 or any weight Gans wants to make, then the reply came back: "Will waive the weight question; send terms." Every time the chance is offered to Gans to box Blackburn at the lightweight limit there is nothing doing. But the Philadelphian is gradually fortifying himself in public opinion by the good work he has done against other boxers ranging from welterweights to heavyweights (for no lightweight can be secured to meet him), and it is only a matter of time till Gans must box him at the lightweight limit or acknowledge that he is afraid to meet him under those conditions as to weight. So says Dick Kain, Blackburn's manager.

Some added interest is given to the fighting game in America by the presence of Spike Robson, the 126-pound champion of England, and Hock Keyes, the Australian lightweight champion; it will infuse new life into the boxing situation in this country. The crop of first-class boxers has been running rather low here of late, and the fact that the best boxers in one or two classes were colored men of whom the white boxers

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Information to Settle Various Wagers.

W. N. B., Fargo, Neb.—Five aces beat four sixes.
L. B., Newark, N. J.—Referee's decision is final.
He was probably the best judge of the circumstances.

Reader.—Ike Swift's stories will be published in
book form in the Fall. This is in answer to many
inquiries received.

J. H. C., New York.—Who holds the lightweight
championship Nelson or Joe Gans? Gans is the
recognized lightweight champion.

E. R. S., Pendleton, Ore.—What is the distance
from New York City to the nearest land point in
Ireland? A little over 3,000 miles.

A. W., Lawrence, Mass.—In playing draw poker,
I claim that I can demand a cut any time I see fit? You
cannot demand a cut at any time.

A. C. C., Pekin, Ill.—Seven-up; A deals; turns Jack
of spades; B begs; A runs cards out, spades each time;
does Jack count? Yes; Jack always counts.

J. R. W., Detroit, Mich.—What is the highest
record in billiards? At what style of game. There
are records at balk lines, straight billiards and cushion
carom.

W. W. S., Dothan, Ala.—Umpire was perfectly
right and bets go with his decision, unless it was
previously stipulated that because of any interference bets
would be declared off.

R. McG., New York.—When playing poker; Jack-
pots; can the opener split his openers to draw to a flush
without making mention or declaring himself to the
rest of the players? No.

F. L. M., Fort Screven, Ga.—A bets that the Eng-
lish language is one of the hardest to learn; B bets that
it is one of the easiest to learn; who wins? Difficult
to decide a bet on this point.

W. C. T., Virginia City, Nev.—Inform me
whether it is easier for a man to give a discount in a
game of fifty points or play a double string? It is
easier to play a double string.

St. Charles, Toledo, O.—Did Joe Walcott quit in
his battle with Kid Lavigne in California, during the
twelfth round, or did he fight the entire round? Said
he injured his arm and refused to go on for the
thirteenth.

W. P. H., Mt. Penn, Pa.—Which is the better
hand in poker; ace, deuce, trey, four and five of hearts,
or, queen, Jack, ten, nine and eight of hearts. Some
claim ace can be counted high and low? In this
case the ace is low.

Writer, Bridgeport, Conn.—A and B are playing
a ten point game of auction pitch; bid to the board; A
has three points to go; B has one point to go; A bids B
three times; B sells; A makes low, Jack, game; B
makes high; who wins? B wins.

N. J., Moline, Ill.—In a game of four handed
pinochle; A and C are partners; B and D are partners;
C bets B that they do not have to go over their part-
ners tricks? Only in trumps.

C. F. J., Corning, N. Y.—Indian dice; one man
threw four sixes in one throw and the next man threw
five aces in one; the question was, did the ace count as
five of anything they called them, or did they count
nothing? They count as five aces.

W. J. B., Youngstown, O.—In a four-handed
game of auction pitch; giving to the dealer; two men go
out and A and B play the game to the finish; A deals
and B bids; then A, the dealer, thinks he can make
three and pitches the trump and makes high, Jack,
game; while B plays low; who wins; the score being ten
to ten? A wins.

E. J. K., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Pinochle; A says by put-
ting down four kings and four queens, that is, one
king of diamonds and one queen of spades, one king of
clubs and one queen of hearts, one king of hearts and
one queen of spades, eight cards in all, melds 240, with
hearts trumps, in three-handed game; B says he can
only make 200 at the most? It counts 240.

E. A. McM., New York.—In a four-handed game
of pinochle; partners; A and B against C and D; the
score a tie at 915; A and B get the bid for 150; A and B
meld 80; C and D meld 60; question, can A and B
claim out after taking a trick with the proviso that
they must make their bid good; C and D claim that A
and B must make their bid good before they (C and D)
count out themselves? A and B are right.

A. R., New York.—In a three-handed game of
regular pinochle between A, B and C; A deals to B,
who needs 10 to his 1,000 to call out, and when he (B)
looks at his cards he has only 20 to meld; in a two-
handed game these parties always play slate out with-
out any extra trick; A, who was next to go out in the
first game mentioned, claims the distinction between
a two and three-handed game is that in three-handed
a man must make a trick to call out, and in two-handed
it is unnecessary? In a three-handed game you
must take a trick before you can call out.

C. W. S., Madison Barracks, N. Y.—A bets that
Staten Island is part of Greater New York; B bets that
it is not in the United States at all? A is right in his

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contention, and so is B. There is a Staten Island off
the coast of South America, to which B probably
refers.

J. H., Centredale, R. I.—A bets B that St. Amant
won the Derby in England, and Pretty Polly won the
St. Leger in the year of 1904, and that they both were
in that year three-year olds. B bets that they did not win in that year
and that they were not three-year
olds? St. Amant and Pretty
Polly won the races referred to in
1904 when they were three-year
olds.

E. P. P., Corea, Me.—Was J. L.
Sullivan ever champion of the
world? No.

W. V. B., St. Paul.—How hard
a blow can Joe Gans or Battling
Nelson strike? No test ever
made.

G. W. H., Brooklyn.—Who is
the champion steeple climber of
the world? Lots of men claim
the title.

Reader.—B is right. Sullivan
would have had no right to pass
over the world's championship to
anyone.

Oarsman, New York.—Who is
the present champion single scull
oarsman? Amateur or pro-
fessional?

J. S., Andover, Mass.—Is
there any premium on a big copper
cent made in 1802? Inquire of a
coin dealer.

J. L., Mt. Olive, Ill.—Who can
travel the farthest in a ten-day-go-
as-you-please, a man or a horse?
No record.

G. H. F., Boston.—Let me
know the whereabouts of Tom
Kelly, the pugilist known as the
Hoboken Cyclone? He was re-
ported to have been in New York
City a few weeks ago.

W. L., New York.—A bets B
that when Kid Lavigne and George
McFadden fought at the Broad-
way A. C., that the fight did
not last fifteen rounds. B bet it
went over fifteen rounds? B is
right. They fought nineteen
rounds.

J. S., Brooklyn.—Is it possible
for a baseball team to make six
hits in an inning without scoring?
Yes; the first man to bat
makes a hit and is caught stealing
second; the second man makes a
hit and is caught off first; the next
three men each make a hit, but by
sharp play are kept from scoring; the last man hits the
ball which hits a runner, completing six hits without
a score.

O. R., Jr., Fair Ground Hotel.—Cribbage; A plays
a deuce; B plays a four; A plays a three and pegs
three; B plays a five and pegs four; A plays an ace and
pegs seven; B plays a six and pegs six; A plays a deuce
and claims there is no pegging to be done; B claims A
should peg six holes? The last deuce makes a run of
six.

L. H. F., Muscatine, Ia.—There were six in poker
game and hands were all dealt and discards made;
dealer dealt the draw to first two and the next man
wanted dealer to discard two cards and deal him three
cards. Has a player the right to discard any number
of cards or change the run of the cards? Has not a
player sitting to left of third hand a right to object to a
change of the run in the cards? I. No. 2. Certainly.

E. W. E., Clarksburg, W. Va.—Pinochle; dia-
monds trumps; A has melded 60 queens and 80 kings
losing his 40 trumps; he then plays the king of
diamonds that is lying face up on the board and then
wants to meld 160 trumps with the other king of
diamonds; B having the other queen in his hand;

should he not play the king of diamonds out of the
cards in his hand, not moving the cards on the board,
then meld his 160 trumps? A played right.

Q. V. Z., Vincennes, Ind.—A and B are playing a
single-handed game of bust; both are three points and
are playing five points out; A bids two and buys; A



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has the nine and four of spades; B has the deuce; A
leads nine spot; B puts deuce of spades on the nine;
does A make high game or not; the house rules are
that game is out at all times? A wins.

B. D., Melrose.—A and B play setback, 7 points;
A has 5 points; B has 5 points; B makes the trump and
bids 2; A saves Jack and ace; B saves low, game; who
wins? A wins.

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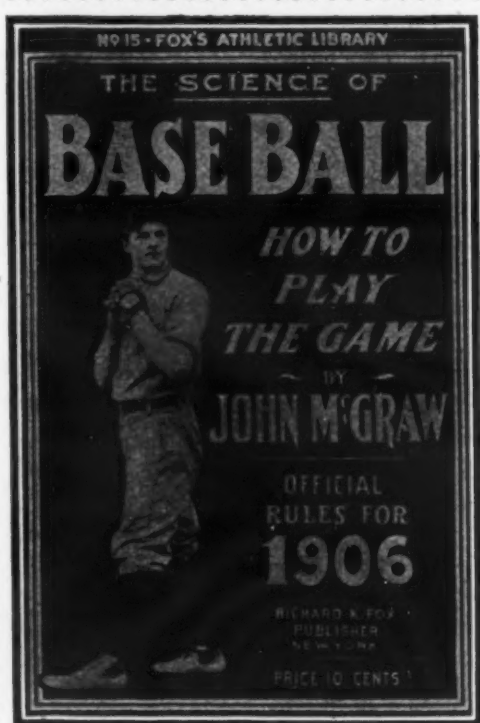
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A SPORTING SALOONIST

Wise Bartenders will Get Good Tips
In This Column.



William Siler, or Bill, as he is familiarly known by his many friends in Syracuse, N. Y., is the proprietor of a handsomely furnished saloon in that city, to which is attached a well appointed restaurant and pool parlor. Mr. Siler is a lover of sports, and the owner of several prize bulldogs some of which will appear in a later issue of the POLICE GAZETTE. His place is patronized by those prominent in the sporting world as well as many of the best known business men of Syracuse.

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If you are ambitious, now is your chance to show it. That is, if you are inclined to be progressive.

Are you?

Or, are you a dead one?

Do you want to go ahead?

Then wake up and see what you can do in the way of inventing a new drink.

CREAM PUFF.

(By Ralph Campbell, Web Saloon, Mansfield, Ohio.)
Use mixing glass with ice; one spoon of sugar; one drink Gordon gin or good Kummel; fill glass with milk. Shake well, strain in ten-ounce glass and serve.

FOUR FLUSH COCKTAIL—FRAPPE.

(By James J. Keogh, Buttonwood Hotel, Darby, Pa.)
Mixing glass half full of ice; one-third drink of Hennessy brandy; one-third drink Anisette; one third drink Benedictine; four dashes Absinthe. Stir well with a mixing spoon, put in champagne glass and serve.

McGEE COCKTAIL.

(By Fred Manning, 942 Fillmore St., San Francisco.)
One dash Orange bitters; two-thirds French Vermouth; one-third of Old Tom gin. Mixing glass with cracked ice, strain, serve, add peanut without shell.

ANGEL FIZZ.

(By Joseph Walsh, Shelby & Kentucky, Louisville.)
Use large mixing glass; two spoons of sugar; three dashes lime juice; white of one egg; one Jigger of Old Holland gin; two-thirds full of ice. Shake well, strain in tall thin fizz glass with milk, serve the yolk in the half shell with To-basco sauce, salt and pepper.

WHITE SATIN SLIPPER.

(By Wm. A. Glines, 803 Walnut St., Philadelphia.)
Mixing glass half full of shaved ice; one bar spoon Maraschino; one bar spoon gum; one Jigger Hennessy Three Star brandy. Fill the glass with cream and frappe, strain in stein glass and float over back of spoon just a little claret.

WALDO COCKTAIL.

(By R. O. Pope, 1401 Main street, Kansas City, Mo.)
Use large mixing glass two-thirds full shaved ice; three dashes of gum syrup; two dashes of Mahaleb Phosphate; half Jigger Angelica wine;

half Jigger Bourbon whiskey. Stir well, strain in thin stem cocktail glass, dress with slice of orange, pineapple or cherries.

GOLDEN GATE PUNCH.

(By Fritz Metz, Ancon Saloon, San Francisco.)
Use mixing glass; two tablespoons bar sugar; juice half an orange; one pony of yellow Chartreuse; one pony raspberry syrup; one and a half ponies rum. Shake well, strain in punch glass containing a piece of ice, fill up with cream and serve with straw.

AIR SHIP COBBLER.

(By Joe Wiley, Air Ship Saloon, Toledo, Ohio.)
Use large bar glass; crush three-quarters of a lemon; one spoon sugar; fill glass with shaved ice; quarter Jigger Creme Yvette; quarter Jigger Apricotine; half Jigger brandy. Fill with claret and stir, decorate with fruit in season, serve with straws.

BUFFET FLIP.

(By Edward Shaw, The Buffet, Kalamazoo, Mich.)
Large bar glass two-thirds full shaved ice; one Jigger California brandy; one whole egg; large spoon of sugar; two wine glasses cold coffee; half a wine glass of cream. Shake well, strain in fizz glass, trim with port wine on each side of glass, grate nutmeg on top and serve.

RED TOP PUNCH.

(By Bennie Jones, Newport News, Va.)
Use punch glass full of ice; three dashes of syrup; half pony Escapernong wine; fill glass full with Red Top Rye, dress with fruit and serve with straws.

BATTLING NELSON PUNCH.

(By T. A. Crabill, Palmer House Bar, Grand Island, Neb.)
Use large mixing glass; muddle one lime with one and a half tablespoons sugar; fill half full shaved ice; one and a half Jiggers sour wine; four dashes pineapple syrup. Fill with Buffalo water, shake well, decorate with fruit and serve with straws.

COFFEE COCKTAIL—SERVED HOT.

(By George Davidson, St. Joseph, Mo.)
Lemonade glass half full of coffee; add cream to taste; two tablespoons powdered sugar; one fresh egg; one small glass of whiskey; place cover over glass, shake well.

MISSOURI HEARTSEASE.

(By W. B. McGinnis, Luella Bar, Chillicothe, Mo.)
Mixing glass half full shaved ice; three dashes gum; one Jigger whiskey; half a wine glass of Damiana bitters; half wine glass of Blackberry brandy. Strain in cocktail glass and serve.

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Pugilistic Doings.

Eight clubs are now giving boxing exhibitions around New York.

A new club in New York will shortly open and put on twenty-round bouts.

Some business men in St. Louis are arranging to pull off fights on river boats.

George Dixon showed flashes of his old-time form in his recent bout at Gloucester, Mass.

Lou Myers recently bested Mike McGarry in a six-round bout at the Marlborough Club, New York city.

Pug White was awarded the decision over Kid Fairburn in a twelve-round bout at Lockport, N. Y., recently.

George McFadden and Gus Ashley fought a slashing six-round draw at the Mobile A. C., New York, recently.

Sailor Burke, the only boxer who ever knocked out Joe Grim, has received more offers to box in different parts of the country than he can attend to.

The Chicago promoter who was to hold the Neary-Yanger fight at Lyons, Ill., has called it off on account of Neary demanding that he put up the purse at once.

Ed White, a Chicago fight promoter, has secured fighting grounds at Lyons, Ill., where he hopes to pull off a number of daylight contests between high-class men this Summer.

Ike Bradley, considered the best 116-pound boxer in England, arrived in this country recently, and has been promised a match with Jimmy Walsh, at the Lincoln A. C., Chelsea, Mass.

Harry Pollok, manager of the Twentieth Century A. C., of New York, has promised Young Corbett a match with either Britt, McGovern or Abe Attell, if he will go through a thorough course of training.

SEVEN SECONDS ENOUGH.

Hughy Clancy, of Boston, lasted seven seconds with Jimmy Dunn recently in their fight in the Opera House, New Castle, Pa. It was to have gone ten rounds, and the fighters weighed in at 128 pounds.

Dunn landed a swift right to Clancy's jaw at the beginning of the first round and put him out completely. The fight did not last seven seconds. While disappointed at not seeing more action for their money, the crowd was well satisfied with the result of the knock-out.

SIDNEY HAS EASY WIN.

Johnny Cahill of Roxbury, substituted at the eleventh hour for Young Kelly, of Boston, lasted five and one-half rounds against Fred Sidney, at Rockland, Me., on May 24. The battle was scheduled for fifteen rounds, but after the first round Sidney had his opponent on the ropes nearly all the time, and Cahill made alternate attempts at quitting and staying in the game. Twice in the sixth round he was down for the count, and the third time he made no attempt to rise.

THOMPSON FAST.

In the ten-round windup offered by the Peoria A. C., at Peoria, Ill., recently, Johnny Thompson administered a terrific beating to Billy Mayfield, of Indianapolis, and the wonder of it is that Mayfield managed to stay through the ten rounds.

Thompson fought him off his feet at all stages, driving hard rights to the body and jaw and invariably following with jolting hooks that sent his opponent to the ropes.

Mayfield is known through his good showing against Jack O'Keefe for ten rounds at Indianapolis some

months ago, but against Thompson he made a sorry spectacle. His every effort failed, and his dangerous right-hand wallop never once connected. He left the ring with a badly beaten face and his right eye cut.

SULLIVAN STOPS THE CANADIAN

Tommy Sullivan, of Lawrence, knocked out Fred Routhier, claiming to be the welterweight champion of Canada, in just four rounds at Augusta, Me., on May 25, before 1,000 people. Both weighed in at 148. Sullivan's quickness and long reach was greatly to his advantage.

In the first round Routhier got in one heavy body blow, but never after reached his antagonist, who rained blows all over Routhier, particularly in the third round, when the Canadian took hard punishment, going to his corner considerably exhausted. The first few blows of the fourth round determined the status of Routhier, and a hard face blow sent him to the floor, rising only to be again sent back to the mat, and Sullivan was declared the winner.

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